

Jack and I

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, Jack Frost

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-01-30 14:37:41

Updated: 2013-01-30 14:37:41

Packaged: 2016-04-26 14:27:47

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,462

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Growing up, Hiccup was lonely. The other vikings would bully him and his father, Stoick the Vast, had no time to take care of his son. That was then, until he met a young boy named Jackson Overland. (written in Hiccup's point of view. Sorry I had to repost this 3 times, I found a few errors. I am aware people call Jack's sister, 'Emma' but she'll always be Jasmine to me. *pout*)

Jack and I

I remember being trapped at home and wanting to play with the other kids. They would play around outside pretending to slay their first dragon like their ancestors. My cousin, Snoutlout, and his group of friends would exclude me from every game, mocking me and calling me names such as, "Hiccup the Useless". I was seen as the runt of the litter, all the kids had extra beef in their muscle, while I was stuck in my fishbone body. At the age of five, my father, Stoick the Vast, would take me out on fishing trips. I would run around hunting for trolls and orgies, but he never approved of me, ever since my mother passed. Sometimes I wondered if I was just a mistake and I keep asking myself, _what in Thor's name is my purpose in life? _No one ever liked to have me around; the kidsâ€| other villagersâ€| dadâ€|- the only 'friend' I had was Gobber the Belch.

Years before I met Toothless, and years before I was old enough to work as a black smith, I was alone. Every early morning before sunrise, I would always wake up to the sounds of the most roughest, toughest vikings and their battle cry. Different species of dragons would invade our island home also known as Berk Twelve days north of Hopeless and a few degrees south of Freezing to Death. It's located solidly on the Meridian of misery, not really hard to miss especially when you're a blood thirsty, rampaging dragon. Back then, I wasn't afraid, I wanted to follow in my father's footsteps like Snoutlout wanted to follow in his. Since no one had the time to look after me, Gobber acted like a surrogate. He'd make sure I wont slip away from his hands every time our village was in jeopardy.

One morning I managed to sneak out of the house. I tiptoed quietly and quickly, hoping I wouldn't make a sound. Gobber was asleep at the time, he sat on my father's chair snoring and smacking his drool infested lips. His breath was awfully terrible like the combination of eel, Icelandic cod and the most bitterest beer a viking could find. This may sound disgusting to you, but to me, I wanted to learn those 'disgusting' habits. Every day, I would follow and copy my father's habits in order to become one of the best vikings on Earth. Most of the time he would tell me to stop and start acting like 'myself'.

As soon as I head out the door, the war has already begun. Villagers were all suited in armour, armed with weapons and shields for defence. They roared and yelled at those viscous beasts, attacking them violently with their swords and skill. The village was ignited by dragon flames which burnt down half of our livestock and crops. Long story short, I was dragged back into the house. I was so close to taste my first kill, to slit the scales and retract my first ever dragon heart.

Gobber obviously told my father about how I snuck out of the house during battle. Word got around at the village and of course Soutlout and the gang found out too. My father assigned me to work as a blacksmith once I reached my teenage years. That means no battling, no fighting and no dragon slaying.

"Hey look, it's Hiccup the Useless Blacksmith!", Ruffnut laughed.

The gang would point, laugh and mock every time I walked by. To be honest, it did hurt. I know my father would tell me the old, "sticks and stones", but it's more than just words. Those words were the sticks and stones of my childhood. I was so close to give Ruffnut a wallop, but for a girl viking, she's probably stronger than me. So I did what I had to do, run. I ran towards the forbidden forest to escape reality and hoping no one will find me. Sitting under a tree, I cuddled my knees against my chest and cried to myself. _Oh godsâ€¦ I could really use a miracle right nowâ€¦ It's not much, but I wouldn't mind having a friend my age. I'm sick and tired of being all alone!_

I waited for hours for the gods to answer my prayer. My stomach began to cry for food, unluckily I didn't bring any rations with me, only my favourite sketchbook and pen. I stood up on my two feet to explore around the forest for a source of food and hopefully, water. There were gashes and scars on my skin as I kept running into twigs and tripping over rocks. It took me a while but I managed to find a like in the middle of the forest. I've never felt so satisfied and refreshed feeling the cold water splash against my cheeks and run down my tummy. Unfortunately, I did forget how to hunt for fish. _Nowâ€¦ do I through the stick in there? Why didn't I listen to my father! Stupid, stupid Hiccup! _I sat by the lake watching my own boring reflection, famished and tired.

"Excuse me, you look lost.", a young boy called out.

I look around to see a boy much more older than me. He had dark, brown hair, matching coloured eyes and we walked around barefoot.

"What's the matter? Don't be sad! My mamma always told me 'if something or someone in life brings you down, have a little fun instead!'. " He sat on a log next to me and took out his little backpack, "You hungry? My mamma ALWAYS tells me to carry a bag of goodies when I'm out adventuring. That way I won't feel cranky and tired when I'm out!"

The stench of freshly baked buttermilk scones and chicken wings filled my nostrils. The kid handed me some food from his bag for me to fill my stomach. I quickly stuffed the food in my mouth leaving crumbs and bones on my face.

"Fankths you!", I swallowed the last portion of scone, "Now, are you going to make fun of me like the others? Might as well make fun of a future blacksmith now before you lose the opportunityâ€|"

"Why would I make fun of someone I just met? Wait, did you say 'blacksmith'? Woah! I bet it beats bread makingâ€| By the way, my name's Jackson Overland, feel free to call me Jack!"

"I-I'm H-hiccup Horrendous Haddock IIIâ€|-a mouthful I know, but you may call me Hiccup for short."

From then on we told each other stories, laughed at jokes until the sun had both arranged to meet up at the same spot every afternoon, regardless the weather. One Wintery afternoon, I taught Jack how to make campfire. I remembered to warm and toasty the fire was, thawing our frozen bones. During Summer we'd jump into the lake for a refreshing swim. At fall, we would gather up the leaves into a large pile and play around in the pile. And last of all, Spring. we would go bird watching by climbing up trees waiting for the eggs to hatch before our very eyes.

Years have passed and we were no longer children. At age thirteen, I started my career as a blacksmith. Every day I would sit at the workshop listening to Gobber's lectures. Each day I would learn new things and how to create shields, armour and weaponry for the other vikings. Some times my schedule would run through the afternoon until night. The more afternoons I work, the less time I get to hang out with Jack. _I do hope he understands how busy I am these daysâ€| I wonder if he has a job tooâ€|_

We met up at our meeting place one slow afternoon. Jack gave me a welcoming hug and gave me a little present wrapped in linen cloth. I didn't really care about what was inside, because the best gift I could ever get was spending time with my best friend. My only friend.

"I'm sorry I haven't been spending much time as we plannedâ€| It's just that work gets in the way and the fellow villagers need these armoury and weaponsâ€|" I sadly apologised. "Would you ever forgive me?"

"Hiccup.", Jack placed his hand on my right shoulder and looked me in the eyes with a smile, "It's alright, you don't have to apologise every time! I got an idea! Why don't we send each other letters? Once a week would be alright, depending on how fast the mail delivers. Besides, I don't think I'll be able to hang out for quite some timeâ€| My mother is pregnant and she needs me to help around the house. She'll be due soon!"

"Congratulations! I'm sure you'll make the best brother."

We talked on and on about the expected newborn until the sun had set once more. As soon as we departed, we exchanged our addresses then went our separate ways before our families called up for dinner. Days turned to weeks, weeks turned to months and months turned to years. Jack and I have been tight with our schedule, it was hard enough to keep up with us hanging out. One night I went to check the mail, there was an envelope with "To Hiccup" written on. I used my homemade letter opener to neatly slice open the envelope. There were a few pieces of paper and a letter inside.

_ "Dear Hiccup, _

_ How's things going, buddy? I was cleaning my room earlier on today, but I fell asleep during the process. My mother yelled at me for that HAHA! Anyway, remember that time when you showed me your sketch book and taught me how to draw? Well, in my room I found some really old sketch paper from when I was little. I didn't use it as much, I hope it's still in great condition so you can use them for your awesome artworks! _

_ I hope you're not busy this weekend. There's somebody I would like you to meet. We'll meet up at the same area and same time. Don't be late! _

_ From your pal, _

_ Jack" _

'Twas after lunch on a Saturday afternoon, I went outside on a little stroll. On my way I literally bumped Snoutlout. I didn't quite like the way he looked at me, like he knew I was up to something.

"Where are you off to, Haddock? You seem to be always wondering off around this time. What's in your pocket? A LOVE letter?"

He reached into my vest pocket and snatched out the letter. I clenched my fist but tried to hold back my urge to fight. His friends gathered around reading the letter. Laughing, taunting and pointing at me, which was something I got quite used to but it needed to stop. Tuffnut locked his arm around my neck and dug his knuckles into my scalp. His twin sister, Ruffnut reached into the back of my pants giving me the most painful wedgie ever imagined. Fishlegs, obviously, didn't do anything to stop me. He's the kind of guy who wouldn't want to get into a fight, unless it's with a dragon. As soon as Snoutlout had finished reading, he crumpled the letter and tossed it towards my feet.

"I always knew you rooted for boys, cousin!", he laughed. "No wonder why you're keeping this a secret! Hiccup and Jack sitting in the tree! HA HA!"

"Leave him alone!", a girl shouted.

The twins shoved me to the ground and left me there. I picked up the crumpled letter and placed it back into my vest pocket. Looking up, little did I know how bright the sun was, there was a silhouette of a girl standing in front of me. I squinted my eyes trying to avoid the

blinding sunlight. She grasped onto my shirt and pulled me up to make me stand. She had the most gorgeous blonde hairâ€¦ mesmerising blue eyesâ€¦ fit figureâ€¦ From that moment, I fell in love. My father did mention that there was a new family moving into Berk that day.

"Hi, I'm Soutlout. The chief's son.", he lied.

"No kidding, I thought that kid was the chief's sonâ€¦ My parents told me about him."

As soon as she pointed at me, my heart began to race rapidly. She knew who I was, she knew I exist in the world and that made me happy.

"By the way, my name is Astrid. I just moved here with my parents after we heard about this dragon infestation. I've gone through strict training for many many years and I'm still training now."

I stood there listening to Astrid's stories about how her ancestors killed many dragons. The sun was slowly setting and I've completely forgot to meet up with Jack. I ran towards the forest towards the rendezvous, thank Thor Jack was still there. He sat in front of the campfire talking to a little girl, possibly his sister. I as soon as I arrived, Jack ran up towards me with welcoming bear hugs. The little girl hid behind his back shyly while sucking her thumb. She had long, brown hair and the biggest, brightest eyes I've ever seen.

"Hiccup, I'd like you to meet the newest member of the Overland family! Don't be shyâ€¦ This is my best friend, y'know, the blacksmith I told you about? C'mon, tell him your name!"

She hid behind her long hair shyly and held onto Jack's hand. I reached out mine for a friendly handshake but she stared at my fingers with a slight tilt of her head. As soon as she let go of her bother's hand, she reached out to hold mine.

"Hi Uncle Hiccup, my name's Jasmine!", she finally spoke.

_Uncle Hiccup. Never heard that one before. _

All three of us gathered around the campfire eating fried salmon for dinner. We told each other ghost stories and sang a few songs that were off key- but we didn't care. As soon as the full moon rose above the night sky, we greeted each other goodnight and went back to our homes.

The year has almost come to an end and snow began to fall. I received an other letter from Jack one morning, so I sat at the dining table, drinking a warm beverage dad had prepared. I had no idea what dad had made, it smelled so horrible that I was about to throw up all that I had for dinner the previous night. And so, I opened the letter and began to read.

"Dear Hiccup,"

_It's almost that time of year again, what was it? Snoggletog? Jasmine and I are going out to ice skate sometime next week. Would you like to come? _

By the way, lover boy, hows things going with Astrid? HA HA The last few letters you've been sending me have "I love Astrid" on every corner of each letter! Keep it together Hiccup!

Forgot to mention, my family and I wouldn't mind visiting you, your father and Gobber sometime!

Looking forward to it, pal!

Jack"

After breakfast, I went out for an other morning walk. Snoutlout and the gang, once again, tackled me onto the ground giving me wedgies and noogies. No matter how many times they tackle me or beat me up, Astrid still showed no interest in Snoutlout- or me, for that matterâ€¦ so I thought. She grabbed me by the hand to help me get up on my feet, as always, then we went for a little stroll.

"So tell me, Hiccup. Since you're the son of the Great, Stoick the Vast, tell meâ€¦ have you killed a dragon before?"

I did one man has done before and regretted it the rest of my life.

"Y-yes, I have."

"Oh? What kind of dragon did you first slay?"

"A Night Furyâ€¦ No big dealâ€¦"

"No big deal? C'mon Hiccup, this is brilliant news! We must tell everyone!"

Astrid yanked on my arm and ran towards the village telling everyone about a stupid lie I just made up. She even asked my dad if she could stay for the night before the morning dragon battle. It was so close to Winter and we were slowly losing crops and livestock. We needed to be extra careful and wake up extra early to defend our source of food.

It was hardly even sunrise, the vikings and dragons were at battle, I was hardly awake. Astrid tugged my arm and ran towards the door. Gobber, tugged on the back of my shirt before I could even move. He picked me up and shoved me to the side, giving me my blacksmith apron. _Da da daâ€¦ I'm dead! Astrid would hate me for sure, I will never impress her at this rate. I might as well leave this island and run away from my problems._

"C'mon, Hiccup, where's your armour? Show me how you kill dragons!"

Gobber laughed and ruffled my hair with his huge, ape-like hands.

"Aye, what are you talking about? He's never killed a dragon before in his life! The only armour Hiccup will be wearing is this apron. Now, come with me and sharpen these swords!"

_THANK YOU, GOBBER! YOU BLEW MY COVER! I was so close in asking Astrid out that you had to tell her the truth. Who am I kidding? She

was bound to find out sooner or later anyway..._

"Astrid, I hope you can forgive me-"

Darknessâ€¦ it was the first thing I saw. It was darkâ€¦ and it was cold. I was scared. Thenâ€¦ then I sawâ€¦ Gobber? _What's Gobber doing here and why is he getting too close to me? _My vision had adjust and realised Gobber was giving me CPR. I flailed my fishbone limbs into the air, panicking and hoping he would stop any second. He pulled away, finally, and placed an ice pack on my eye. _Could he get me a breath mint too? I don't want to know what he had for dinner, his breath was disgusting I needed to wash out my mouth._

"You were out cold, Hiccup! You slept through the battle, I had to sharpen a few blades and do a little extra work for you. Luckily your father took care of the rest, but I think you should stay indoors for a little longerâ€¦"

"Where's Astrid?"

Gobber explained how much I've upset, not only Astrid, but the whole village too. I looked outside to see the crops have burned and the livestock were stolen. Apparently the swords weren't sharp enough and the shields have broken in to pieces. My father entered the room and ordered Stoick to get out. He gave me the longest lecture any parent would give their child. All thanks to me, not only I have to work extra hours, but I also have to spend my Snoggletog doing community service. I was so looking forward to ice skating with Jack and Jasmine, too bad I'm grounded.

I sat up on my bed and started to write;

"Dear Jack,"

I do apologise, but I don't think I'll be joining you and your sister for ice skating. You see, I'm grounded. I didn't do my work properly, most of the crops and livestock have been taken away by dragons. I have to spend Snoggletog working extra hours at the workshop and doing community serviceâ€¦

As for Astrid, I don't want to talk about it. All I can say is that I woke up with a black eye.

From your bud,"

Hiccup""

The next day, I had to sharpen over a hundred swords and polished the blood stains off them. The day after was the same, plus, the shields needed mending. At night I would collapse on my bed, exhausted from all this hard work. All I could think of is spending more time with Jack and spend less time working. On the plus side, my body did tone due to the amount of heavy lifting, but still no beefy arms.

_Who am I kidding? Snoggletog is in a number of weeks time and I never get to spend it properly with my dad. _Flashbacks of being a child came to mind, spending Snoggletog by myself, watching the other kids in their homes celebrating with their families. I only got to spend time with Gobber, Thor knew where dad went, he would never tell me. Sometimes wonder if mum is celebrating Snoggletog up there with

Odin.

After work, I got home and collapsed on my bed just like every other night. That year I couldn't wait for the festive season to be over. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

"Mmmpenâ€¦", I said with a muffled voice.

"Hiccup, son, I want you to take the rest of the work off. I've spoken the the farmers that I'll handle the rest of the chores. I want you to go ice skating with your friends."

"Mmmmâ€¦ Derrdâ€¦ Thnnrksâ€¦"

He closed the bedroom door and let me rest up for the night. A week has passed and my body has recovered. I grabbed my skate shoes and ran towards the forest. It was the middle of winter, trees were bare of their leaves and everything was covered in snow. From a far distance I saw Jasmine, standing alone on the frozen lake. She looked terrified, a woman, possibly her mother, grabbed her to safety. It was hard for me to make out what was going on at the scene, but as soon as I came closer to the lake, the layer of ice was cracked into shards.

"W-what j-just happened?", my heart sank deep.

"Y-you'reâ€¦ H-hiccupâ€¦ right?â€¦ Jack told me all about youâ€¦", the woman wiped her tears "â€¦ Well, Jack was taking his sister for an ice skating lesson. I'm sure he's told you about that. Andâ€¦ well.."

"J-Jackâ€¦ saved me from falling into the ice..", Jasmine finished her sentence.

Starring at those shards made me think about how sharp they could pierce. The sharpness had pierced my heart making my eyes bleed of tears. I didn't even want to know how freezing cold the water must be. We all huddled together out in the snow and mourned the loss of someone very special. He was the first person to consider me as a friend. A best friend or maybe more, like a part of his family.

That night, I got back with tired eyes and a blocked nose from all the crying. As soon as I almost left the woods, Snoutlout and the rest of the gang had witnessed this event.

"What, are you going to do? Give me a wedgie andâ€¦ andâ€¦ andâ€¦ shove snow down my underwear?"

"Hiccupâ€¦ We're really sorry, alright? No roughhousing for a whileâ€¦"

I was surprised they even showed sympathy, especially Snoutlout and Astrid. We all visited the sight that night, paying our respects. Jack's mother and sister all thanked us as we said our goodbyes. My father even offered the Overlands to stay at our house for comfort and our hospitality during Snoggletog. They agreed to this offer, but it wont be the same without Jack.

'Twas the night before Snoggletog, I sat in front of the fireplace trying to keep my feet warm. Silence was heard throughout the whole

day, I couldn't help but think about the loss of my best friend. I walked up to my room and laid their silently on my bed. Before I knew it, I was in a deep sleep.

"Hey, I remember you! Hickoryâ€| right?"

"The name is Hiccup!"

Something familiar about that voice that made me jump, like a ghost haunting innocent dreams. Though, my dream was more dark and lonesome and less innocent from what I could remember. A silhouette of a young teenage boy emerged into the light, his brown windswept hair, brown eyes and leather cape appeared before my very eyes. His smile widened along with his open arms offering me a welcoming hug. I tackled him gently with my fishbone body and tried to hold back tears. He laughed playfully as he wiped my watery eyes.

"Why did you have to go?", I asked "I wish we could've spent more time togetherâ€|"

"I wish so tooâ€| I really missed hanging out with youâ€|"

He nuzzled his nose against my neck, strangely enough, I could feel a slight chill rubbing against my skin. We held each other tightly, but my body began to feel a lot colder and my muscles started to tense up. We pulled apart from our hug, I felt confused as to why he changed his appearance. His dark hair changed to a shade of silver, his eyes changed from brown to a bright blue and his skin became paler. His clothes seemed to stay the same, except they were covered in frost.

"This is my new form, Hiccupâ€| I want you to remember something before I goâ€|" He leaned his face closer to mine and a cold mist escaped his lips, "â€| my name, is Jack Frost."

Without further notice, he closed his eyes and nipped at my nose. Golden sand had formed a rope wrapping around Jack and I as we lifted into the air. My vision has blurred into white and a snowflake appeared on the tip of my nose. There was a wrapped gift attached to a box sitting on my pillow beside me. I remembered it was given to me many years ago. I unwrapped the linen to reveal the gift. It was an ink set with a variety of paintbrushes with all kinds of sizes and inside the box was an oddly shaped container. It looked like it was made of gold and many precious gems. On the side of the container was a little painting of a child's face which looked exactly like mine. I fiddled with the container for a while until there was flash of light. Flashbacks of when I was a child, reliving those moments when I spent time with my first best friend.

Inside the box was a note, it read;

"Thank you for all those cherished memories."

End
file.